

BUTT WARS ROGUE BUNS



FROM HUGO NOMINATED AUTHOR
CHUCK TINGLE

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By Chuck Tingle

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My time here on planet Gerbin has not been easy, but that's to be expected when you're trapped on a floating rock of lowlifes and marauders at the farthest edge of the galaxy. This is a place when the very notion of law is something to laugh about, where justice is doled out at the end of a blaster.

The wild frontier lifestyle is exactly why I ended up here in the first place, and even though my ship is out of commission at the moment, I don't know if I'd take off even if I could. After all, where am I going to go?

The last time I checked, I was one of the most wanted petty criminals in the entire galaxy, a title that is equally impressive and embarrassing. It's not like I would want to get involved in high profile charges, and I'm certainly not one to get violent, but tacking the word "petty" on the front of anything kind of destroys any sense of real accomplishment.

I've never taken someone's life, only their livelihood. As a thief and a hustler, I've managed to swindle hundreds of creatures from across the universe in any number of scams, or simply opportunities of straight up burglary. I was getting away with it, too, living large in a ship that was ten times the size of the one that I'm now stuck with in these swamps. Back in those days, I was just as notorious but in an entirely different way; a high roller as opposed to a fugitive on the run.

Eventually, however, my criminal behavior started to catch up with me. After a run in with the local authorities over in Sector 530, I was forced to abandon the ship I call home and high tail it as far out into the stars as I possibly could, on a stolen puddle jumper that managed to get me here and then promptly crash on arrival. Fortunately, this dump of a planet is lawless enough that I was able to simply live in the remains of my vessel without much trouble.

These days I spend my time making a living in the local card game at Jub's Cantina, the nearby watering hole for renegades and degenerates who are just as bad as I am.

I'm typically greeted warmly by the bar tender, Jub himself, but tonight is an exception. The second that I walk through the door Jub starts shaking his head, his three eyes wide.

"You better get out of here," Jub tells me. "They're looking for you."

"Who is?" I ask.

“The Bubble Alliance,” Jub continues.

I have to admit, this is not the response that I expected. In this time of turmoil, The Umpire is the signature force of law and order throughout the galaxy, if you could call their oppressive brand of justice law and order. Very few are fans of The Umpire and it’s powerful grasp on tax and trade, and their warlike nature is something that is certainly to be feared.

In response to The Umpire’s icy grip, The Bubble Alliance has slowly started to take back sections of the galaxy, bringing things to a relatively peaceful balance. It’s not uncommon for me to deal with the Bubbles, but my crimes were against Umpire law, so I have no idea what this other faction could possibly want with me.

Regardless, I don’t care to find out.

The second that I recognize the situation I spin around and head back towards the door from which I came, but immediately find that my path is blocked by two Bubble fighters with their blasters drawn.

“Lerpo Yams?” one of the imposing men asks.

I shake my head. “Nope.”

The two fighters exchange glances. “Please come with us, sir.”

Realizing that there’s simply no way out of this, I finally relax and put my hands in the air. One of the Bubbles comes forward and searches me, finding my weapon and removing it from its holster.

“Am I under arrest for something?” I question. “I’ve got a wrap sheet with The Umpire a mile long, but the last time I checked you guys don’t want much to do with them.”

“Just come with us, sir,” the fighters repeat, nodding towards the door.

I let out a long sigh and do as I’m told, exiting the cantina while the eyes of the nearby criminals remain locked onto me. I have no doubt they are brimming with excitement as they watch one of their peers get carted away.

The resistance fighters walk behind me as we head out into the swamp, their weapons trained directly against my back. Fortunately, this is a particularly dry season on Gerbin and we have found ourselves with a long, grassy pathway that cuts through the bog.

It’s not long before I find myself standing at the base of a large Bubble Alliance ship that rest comfortably at the center of a small clearing, marshland mist swirling up and around it. The cargo bay is already open

like a giant gaping maw, beckoning me inside to meet whatever fate has been brought down upon me.

“Nice place you’ve got here,” I tell the fighters as we head inside.

It sounds snarky, but I’m telling the truth. I’ve been on this planet so long that I can’t even remember the way that a clean, well-kept ship feels, no moss or mold slowly making it’s way through the cracks and no vines crawling down from the vents above.

“Over there,” one of the fighters commands.

We make our way down a long corridor until eventually arriving in a small meeting room that appears to be designated for tactical planning of some kind. There is a small round table with two guards seated on opposite sides, and a handsome uniformed captain in the middle. The captain stands up to greet me, extending his hand with a shockingly inviting break in protocol.

“Lepro, it’s nice to finally put a face to the long list of criminal charges,” offers the Captain. “I’m Rool.”

We shake and then take a seat across from each other.

“Those are Umpire charges,” I counter. “I’m guessing they don’t mean much to you.”

Rool shakes his head. “Stealing from Umpire weapons facilities, swindling class nine Umpire admirals out of their hard earned wages... I’d say you were a hero.”

“I wouldn’t go that far,” I tell him.

Rool hesitates. “But you *could* be.”

I can tell by the way that the man says this there is something incredibly heavy and important behind his words, a plea of desperation from someone who doesn’t typically find themselves begging.

One of the guards sitting between us reaches below the table and pulls out a case, unlocking the snaps and then allowing the cover to glide upward. I gasp aloud when I see the credits inside, a wealth that I have never even come close to attaining on even my biggest criminal score. It also fills me with dread, because I know that no bounty this large was every presented for a safe or simple task.

“There’s enough there to get you off of this planet and back on your feet,” says Rool.

I laugh. “There’s enough there to never work again.”

Rool nods.

“What do you need from me?” I question.

“The Umpire is constructing a weapon,” says Rool, “something the likes of which we have never seen. It’s a space station the size of a moon, with two large round orbs that are capable of firing a massive laser and destroying an entire planet. It’s called, The Butt Star.”

I shake my head in disgust. “How could they take something as beautiful as a giant butt and turn it into something so terrible.”

“I know, I know,” Rool nods. “It’s a disgrace, and we need your help stopping them.”

“I’m a hell of a hustler,” I tell the captain, “but I don’t see how I’m going to help you stop a planet destroying butt from being built.”

“You’re half right,” Rool replies, “it’s too late to stop them from building The Butt Star, but that doesn’t mean that we can’t destroy it before it does too much damage. We are prepared to make an assault run on The Butt Star in one month’s time, but before we do that we need to know where to hit them. We have intelligence from within the Umpire’s ranks telling us that there is a vent on the outside of The Butt Star, an venerable location that our pilots can hit just right and destroy the entire thing. If you can steal a set of blueprints from The Butt Star’s construction, then we can find this venerable location.”

To be honest, I’m shocked by the simplicity of this plan, the stakes absolutely massive but my part in them relatively small, especially for the amount that I’ll be compensated.

“Seems easy enough,” I counter.

“The plans are closely guarded,” Rool informs me. “You won’t be able to just walk in there and take them, you’ll need to use your skills of seduction. You’ll need to be... erotic.”

As far as I’m concerned, that’s just a bonus to the already easy task at hand.

“Alright,” I say with a nod. “Who has the plans?”

Rool hesitates for a moment, not sure of how to continue. “Darth Bater,” he finally says.

Immediately, my heart sinks. Darth Bater is one of the most notorious villains in the galaxy, not just because of his position as the Umpire’s second in command, but because of his inability to be seduced by anyone and anything. It is said that he masturbates twenty times a day,

keeping his sexual desires completely satiated by means of his own bionic hand. He is impossible to seduce.

I scoff. "You're joking. It can't be done."

"It *has* to be done," Rool informs me. "The fate of the galaxy depends on it."

"Listen, I'm interested in joining the cause," I explain, "and for that kind of money I'd be a fool not to, but this a suicide mission. Darth Bater cannot be seduced, that's just a fact. Even if I could turn him on, how am I supposed to get alone with him in the first place?"

"We have reason to believe that Darth Bater will be staying on Chirba-45 tomorrow evening as he oversees a new batch of Umpire casinos. We have placed bribes with his security detail and you will be allowed safe passage into his quarters."

"And then what?" I question. "I just turn him on?"

Rool looks me up and down, taking in my muscular presence. "If anyone can do it, you can," he tells me.

As this moment I feel a sharp twinge of confident arousal shoot through me. Darth Bater may be notoriously unsexual, but I've never heard of him finding himself in the presence of a hustler as convincing as I am. With my boyish good looks and bad boy charm, I'm still a force to be reckoned with.

I glance over at the open case, the credits just sitting there and taunting me with a future of incredible freedom and wealth.

"Alright," I finally say with a long sigh. "I'll do it."

Chirba-45 is a much different planet then the one I've been stuck on for the last few years. It's just as wet as the marshlands of Gerbin, but in an entirely different way, covered in beachy coastlines and tropical palms that sway in the cool ocean breeze.

While it may seem a little too nice for some of the most dastardly characters in The Umpire, they apparently have a silent hand in almost everything here, taxing the local and turning the entire planet into a playground for the galaxies wealthy elite. Creatures travel from light-years away just to relax on these sandy shores, and the lions share of their credits go towards funding The Umpire.

I'm dropped off on Chriba-45 with the cover of being a local investor, looking to propose a new luxury hotel on these pristine alien shores. While Darth Bater is certainly busy during his time here, I have a meeting scheduled for eight.

It's nearly time.

Arriving at the Umpire base, I climb out of my speeder pod and look up at the massive grey dome, taking in the structure as it looms with menace over the tropical vista around it.

The nearby guards are immediately suspicious of my presence, drawing their blasters until I show them my credentials and they wave me onward; after a throughout inspection, of course. I have no weapons on me for them to find, my mission holding a singular, erotic purpose.

I'm met by some kind of Umpire ambassador, then lead through a gate and up a large set to stairs. At the top of the steps is the dome's entrance; where even more armed guards are stationed. We stop before them.

"The password please," the Umpire ambassador says.

My heart drops, realizing immediately that I have no idea what he is talking about. This is not something that the Bubbles had planned for, some kind of new security measure that our intelligence must have missed when they were procuring my safe passage.

"The password..." I stammer, trying to think fast. I'm a smooth talker when I need to be, but I know for a fact that there's no way to talk myself out of this one. My only hope is in simply guessing the password for myself.

My gaze drifts up towards the massive Butt Star station that floats in the sky above us like a perfect pair of planet sized buns.

"The password," I start again, "is butt..." I let the word drift off, watching as the ambassador starts to smile. "...holes?"

"Right this way," the ambassador announces with a nod.

The guards step aside to allow us passage.

Soon enough we find ourself in a long, empty hallway that extends deep down into the structure.

"Don't get too excited," the ambassador tells me, his voice lowered. "I'm the only one who knows the daily password, but luckily I'm on your side."

I'm shocked at the incredible revelation. "So you're the mole?" I question.

The ambassador nods.

"Why didn't *you* grab the plans?" I ask him.

We reach an elevator and the ambassador waves me inside. "Do I *look* like I could seduce Darth Bater?" he scoffs.

"Does he really masturbate that much?" I question.

The ambassador doesn't answer me, leaving me instead with a statement as the elevator door closes. "You're our only hope," the ambassador says.

Suddenly I find myself alone on the lift, hurtling upwards towards the top of the dome. When the elevator slows to a stop I find myself flooded with anxiety, unsure if I am equipped to carry out this dangerous and terrifying mission.

The door slides open and before me is a large, sterile meeting room, across which stands a tall figure in a black cloak. Atop his head is a dark helmet, and from within it emanates a deep, mechanical breathing.

"Hello," I offer meekly. "Darth Bater?"

Slowly, the figure turns around to reveal his terrifying visage, a jet-black suit of space-age armor topped by a skeletal mask of darkness. The breathing gets louder and louder as he approaches, and just as he's about to reach me the figure reaches up to remove his helmet. He does so very slowly, lifting it up and away until finally revealing the face of a handsome unicorn underneath.

"It's nice to meet you," Darth Bater says. "I'm Darth."

The imposing creature extends a mechanical hoof and shakes my hand, immediately filling me with a visceral attraction to this handsome unicorn dictator. Heading into this, genuine lust for Bater was not something that I expected to feel, but now that I'm here the sensation is unmistakable.

"I'm Lerpo," I say, momentarily forgetting that I was instructed to use a fake name.

"I hear you're interested in being a part of the construction here on Chirba-45. Seven billion credits is a lot of money to put behind the cause of the Umpire." Darth Bater informs me.

"What can I say, I like what you've done with the place," I tell him. "The sand, the surf."

“Not really my thing,” Bater tells me bluntly. “Although I appreciate your support, none the less. I think your hotel would be great here.”

I can already tell that I’m losing the unicorn’s interest with this business talk, and losing it fast. I wouldn’t normally make a move so quickly but at this point a swift attempt at intimacy is my only hope.

“What *is* your thing?” I ask Bater, reaching out and touching his hoof again. The unicorn stares back at me for a second with a menacingly blank expression, but as our eyes lock I can briefly see something flicker playfully behind them. I’m fully aware that Darth Bater keeps himself drained of all sexuality, but who is to say there isn’t some force of gay lust lurking deep down within him. He is a creature of darkness, yes, but I still believe I can find some good.

“What are you trying to say?” the unicorn asks gruffly.

I’m faced with the choice of pulling back immediately or doubling down on my seduction, and I decide to courageously push onward. “Is *this* your thing?” I continue, running my hand up the length of the unicorn’s arm until it rests against his cheek.

I pull Darth Bater towards me and he does not resist, in fact, he wraps his arms around my body and pulls me even tighter. Our lips meet and suddenly the two of us find ourselves in a powerful embrace, making out ferociously as we give in to our homoerotic temptations.

Suddenly, Bater steps back. “What am I *doing*?” he asks aloud. “I’m never this horny.”

“Maybe there’s more than just lust happen here,” I offer. “Maybe *love* doesn’t care how horny you are.”

Suddenly, we are kissing again, our hands and hooves frantically exploring each other’s bodies. Overwhelmed with desire, I drop down into a squat before the handsome unicorn and remove his cock from the front of his black space suit.

I open wide and take Bater’s shaft into my mouth, bobbing my head up and down across his length is a series of slow pumps while the warlord moans and groans above me. He places his hands on the back of my head, helping to guide me along his shaft as the movements become faster. Soon enough, I am jackhammering my face across the length of the unicorn’s rod, giving myself to him completely in a bombastic oral submission.

Eventually, I push down as far as I can, relaxing the muscles of my neck as I consume Darth Bater entirely. My face pressed up against his beautiful, mechanical unicorn abs, I savor this moment, suddenly realizing that my mission of seduction has become nothing but an afterthought. In this moment, I want nothing more than to give myself to this powerful Umpire ruler, not as a servant of The Umpire, but as a handsome gay lover whose heart is fully open to the unicorn before him.

Eventually, I pull back and stand up, walking over to the nearby desk and then bending myself over the edge. I pull down my pants and underwear, then slap my butt playfully, enjoying the way that Bater's eyes linger across my muscular rump.

"Fuck me," I demand. "Stop thinking about the Butt Star and come star in this butt."

Bater nods and then steps forward, his cock rock hard and ready to go despite the constant masturbation. He places the head of his thick rod up against the tightly puckered rim of my backdoor, teasing the edge for a moment before trusting deep in one long, firm swing of his hips.

"Oh my god!" I cry out, my body struggling to adjust to his absolutely incredible size. I brace myself against the edge of the table, holding tight as the giant unicorn behind me starts to slam in and out of my taut rectum. "You're so fucking huge!"

Faster and faster Darth Bater begins to pound me, hitting a spot deep within my asshole that creates an immediate simmering sensation. I've never been pounded in the butt before, so the erotic feelings that flow through me are something of a mystery at first, but the stronger they grow the more I'm able to identify their source as a profound prostate stimulation. With every slam of Bater's cock up my rear, a new sensual wave of pleasure erupts out across my body, pulsing down my arms and legs.

"Faster!" I scream, egging on the unicorn.

Darth Bater is slamming away at my buttock as hard as he can now, anally reaming me with all of his monstrous might. By now, my body has somehow adjusted to the incredible size of his member, the painful expansion of my buttock now aching with an unexpected pleasure. I reach down between my legs and grab ahold of my hanging shaft, beating myself off in time with Bater's slams up my tight rear.

Soon enough I can feel the teasing sensation of orgasm bubbling up inside of my loins, edging against the cliff that cannot be turned back from and then quickly pulling away. I'm just about to push myself over when Darth Bater pulls out of me and, using his strong unicorn arms, flips me over on the table.

Now I'm laying on my back with my legs splayed out wide, my reamed butthole completely exposed to this handsome Umpire master. I reach down and hold my cheeks open for him, giving himself the Darth Bater completely.

"Slam me with all of the force that you've got!" I tell him.

Darth Bater begins to align himself with my rectum once more and then stops abruptly, a new expression of excitement suddenly crossing his face. The unicorn reaches within his cloak and pulls out a small silver rod, only about a foot long and shimmering under the room's dim lighting.

"Have you ever seen one of these?" Bater questions.

"No, what is it?" I reply, shaking my head.

The unicorn flips a switch on the side of the rod and suddenly a massive, sword-like length extends from the hilt with a loud hiss and hum. It glows in brilliant neon red.

"This is my light bater, it's a powerful masturbation tool," explains the unicorn. "It's going to give you the best orgasm of your life."

The next thing I know, Darth Bater is pushing the glowing red tip of this lengthy object right up into my asshole. My reaction is immediate.

"Oh my god!" I scream. "That feels so fucking good!"

My legs kick out straight and my stomach clenches tight as my entire body struggles to deal with this incredible new stimulation. It feels as though my insides are vibrating at a supernatural rate, an internal butt massage that quickly works its way out through my entire body.

"I'm gonna cum!" I scream, my eyes rolling back into my head. "I'm gonna cum so fucking hard!"

The next thing I know, hot ropes of milky jizz are ejecting hard from the head of my rod, shooting out in a series of powerful blasts that are brought on with no help from my hands. The cum shoots up into the air and then splatters back down across my chiseled abs in a myriad of pearly patterns, coating me in my own warm spunk. Darth Bater wasn't kidding, it's the best orgasm of my life.

Fortunately, now that I'm sexually drained I can focus on the mission at hand.

I climb down off of the table and kneel before Bater once more, stroking his cock slowly as I gaze up at him with the most seductive expression I can muster.

"It would be so hot if you came all over my face," I coo, "but you know what would be even *hotter*?"

"What?" Darth Bater moans.

"If you came all over some plans that you had laying around. Like... some blueprints for a huge project," I tell him.

"Really?" the unicorn question.

I nod. "Fuck yeah. The bigger the project, the hotter it would be!"

Darth Bater reaches over and pulls open a drawer in the side of the table. He rustles around in the papers a bit and then pulls out some blueprints. "You want some big projects, huh?" he says confidently. "How about the fucking Butt Star?"

"Oh, yeah!" I groan enthusiastically. I stand up and open up the blueprints with one hand, keeping pace with the other as it moves across Bater's cock at an ever-escalating pace. His dick is hovering right over the blueprints now.

"Do it!" I yell. "Blow your fucking load all over those top secret Umpire blueprints for the Butt Star!"

"Fuck!" Darth Bater screams, buckling slightly as a massive load springs forth from the end of his shaft. It splatters across the papers below, covering them like a beautiful pearly painting.

When he's finally finished, Darth Bater stumbles back to catch his breath.

"That was amazing," I tell him, balling up the blueprints in my hand. "I'll toss these out for you."

"It's no problem," Bater insists. "We've got people who clean up around here."

"I've got it," I assure him. I walk over and give the unicorn another passionate kiss on the mouth.

"When will I see you again?" Darth Bater asks as I pull away.

"This weekend?" I suggest, lying through my teeth. "Let's talk about the hotel then."

"Sounds good," the unicorn nods.

I turn and walk back to the elevator, pushing the button for the ground floor and then offering Bater a playful wave as I drift downward. When he finally disappears from view I let out a long sigh of relief, clutching the blueprints tightly in my hands.

It's not often that you can save the entire galaxy *and* have the best sex of your life, but I guess the called the right hustler for the job.

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Some say that love is the soul of books, and what better way to show a little love then with a free gift? Here to tingle you to the core is a bonus story for your reading pleasure:

STRANGER POUNDS

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Even though this *is* a police station, and I'm here for emergencies, I'm not all that worried when the phone suddenly rings.

This is one of the perks of being a small town sheriff in a tiny little hamlet where nothing ever happens. On one hand, it can get a little boring, but on the other hand you don't have to stress out too often because the scariest call you're going to get on a Wednesday evening is to help someone coax their cat down from a tree. Typically, that's the fire departments job, anyway.

I glance over at the phone and see that this call is coming direct to the station, not through dispatch, which makes me even less worried. This is not uncommon in our quiet city of Bawking. When someone has a problem they can just give me a ring, and most of the folks here know me by name.

"Hello," I answer, half yawning as I grab the receiver. "Bawking Sherriff's Office, this is Bopper speaking."

"I need your help, Bop," comes a frantic voice on the other end of the line.

I sit up immediately, recognizing the genuine desperation in her tone, and because it only takes me a few seconds to recognize the woman I'm speaking to. "Is this Weno?" I ask.

"It's me," she replies. "My husband, Porp, is missing. He's been gone since yesterday evening, he never came home from game night with his friends."

I can relax a bit now, recognizing this call for what it is.

"He's probably just drunk off of his ass somewhere, Weno," I offer. "You know how those guys can get during game night, I'm sure he'll be home in a few hours."

"You don't understand!" Weno yells. "He's gone, but he's still here. I need you to come over right away."

I'm trying to follow exactly what my old friend is saying, but I'm having a very hard time. "What do you mean he's missing but he's still here?" I ask, making my best attempt to clarify.

"He's talking to me from the other side," Weno explains.

I stand up from my chair. "I'll be right over," I tell her, a new sense of urgency blossoming through me. It's not because I'm particularly concerned about Weno's missing husband, however, it's because I'm now concerned about her own mental health.

I head out of the station and jump into the police cruiser, taking off towards Weno's place at a reasonable pace. I reach down and grab the CB radio. "Heading over to check on, Weno Rhyno, nothing to worry about for now. Over."

There is nothing but static in response, which is a little bit unusual although not unheard of. My officers are probably just away from their radios at the moment.

I wait a minute or two and then try again. "Heading over to Weno's place down on Merkmood St, anyone else out there copy? Over."

Still no response, just a strange field of static interference that washes across my ears in a series of hypnotic waves.

Suddenly, a voice cuts through the fuzz, but it's not one that I recognize. "He's lost in the upside down realm," the voice announces, "we need to break in and get him back."

"Hello?" I interrupt. "Who is on this channel? This is a police channel."

There is no response, but before I can dive any deeper into this mystery I arrive at Weno's place, a small, two-bedroom rambler out in the middle of the woods. The house has definitely seen better days, and as I roll up and park I notice that one of the walls of the building has a huge, gaping hole in it; not a good sign.

I climb out of the car and yell out towards the rambler. "Weno! Is everything okay in there?"

Moment's later the door opens. Weno is standing before me in a disheveled state of anxiety, her hair messy and her eyes wild. It looks as though she might have been crying, but I can't quite tell.

"Mind if I come in?" I ask, now realizing that I need to be delicate with my line of questioning moving forward. Something strange is definitely going on here, and it's likely all happening somewhere deep down within Weno's own mind.

I walk up the front steps and my old friend gives me a hug. "I'm so glad you're here," she offers with a grave sincerity. "I need your help, Bop."

"I know, I know," I assure her, "I'll see what I can do."

We head inside and immediately my desire for calm is put to the test. Around the living room are hundreds of hanging butt plugs, ranging from massive and black to tiny, rainbow-colored. They are dangling from

the ceiling on strings, seemingly at random other than the assortment of anal sex toys positioned over painted letters on the far wall. The entire alphabet is scrawled there.

“What is all this?” I ask, trying to keep the tone of my voice as even as possible.

“It’s how my husband has been talking to me,” explains Weno. “Porp is somewhere on the other side, but he’s communicating through these butt plugs.”

I’m not sure how to react to this, so I make the decision not to, instead taking a seat at the kitchen table. Weno sits down across from me, still deliriously frantic but trying her best to hold it together.

“So Porp was at a game night with his buddies?” I start. “Was that the last time you heard from him?”

Weno shakes her head.

“When was the last time you heard from him?” I continue.

“Right before you got here,” Weno admits.

I just stare at her blankly, utterly confused again but trying to remain as professional as possible.

“And how did he talk to you?” I ask, knowing exactly where this is headed.

“Through the butt plugs,” explains Weno.

I turn around in my chair and gaze out across the cluttered room, my eyes landing upon the wall with the painted letters. “Through that?” I question.

Weno nods.

“Well, can we talk to him now?” I ask, humoring her.

Weno nods again.

“Are you listening, Porp?” I yell out.

A deafening silence falls over the room. I keep my eyes looked onto the wall of letters, not exactly sure what to look for.

“Where are you?” I continue.

Again, we are greeted by total silence. I’m just about ready to turn back around when suddenly there is a loud buzzing, making me jump in my chair with surprise. I stand up and walk over towards the wall for a better look, making sure that my eye’s are not deceiving me.

They aren’t.

One of the hanging butt plugs is vibrating hard, rattling against the wall as it hangs above the painted letter H. The vibration suddenly changes to the plug over the letter E, then R, then back to E.

“Here,” I say aloud, impressed but still skeptical about this whole thing.

“You see!” Weno announces loudly. “He’s talking to me!”

I turn back to face the women. “Are you sure they batteries aren’t just acting up in these things?”

“They don’t have batteries,” Weno informs me. “Those aren’t vibrators, they’re just butt plugs.”

I stare at the wall in shock, unable to fully comprehend this incredible occurrence of the supernatural. “How can we get to you?” I question the wall.

Suddenly, the butt plugs begin to buzz rapidly, spelling out an entire paragraph before us as we scramble to comprehend the whole thing. When it’s finally finished, it reads: *Please don’t come looking for me. I am happy here. Just wanted you to know I was okay, but I will not be returning from the upside down realm.*

Weno is shaking her head. “There’s gotta be some kind of mistake. That’s not really him! Someone is talking for Porp and trying to throw us off of the trail!”

I’m inclined to agree. Unless this other world is something truly spectacular, I can’t imagine why Porp wouldn’t want to return home to his beautiful, loving wife.

“I’ll find him,” I turn and tell my old friend. “I promise you that I will find him and I will bring him home.”

Weno nods as I head towards the door. I don’t trust the wall to give me any new information, but the term “upside down realm” made me immediately remember those odd voices on the radio from earlier.

Right as I’m about to leave, I spot the hole in the wall again. “What’s the from?” I question.

Weno hesitates. “Just be careful, Bopper. There’s monsters out there.”

Without another word, I leave, but her warning continues to swim in circles through my mind..

I climb into the police cruiser and flip on the radio, listening intently to the static as it cascades over itself in a strange repetition. There

are no voices to make out at first, but the longer I listen the longer I begin to detect anomalies in the pattern, strange organic spikes in the radio feed.

I adjust the dial a bit, then finally stop when the same voice from before bursts through the buzz.

“We’ve got to get out there to the old power plant,” exclaims the voice. “That’s where the door to the other side is.”

Immediate, I spring into action, throwing the car into drive and then peeling out of the gravel driveway. I’m shooting down the road as fast as I can towards the old power station, my mind racing with all of the strange occurrences of the afternoon. Could there really be another world existing directly on top of ours, a strange parallel universe that you are vaguely connected to but cannot manage to see or sense? Even stranger still, could it really be possible to visit this other layer?

The more that I consider this, the more I realize I should proceed with caution. Even though I am the sheriff of this town, the power plant is federal government property and I have no real jurisdiction there. More importantly, if there actually *is* a doorway to the other side there, it is bound to be heavily guarded.

A lesser sheriff might use this as an excuse to turn around, to pretend that none of this ever happened and that Weno is just a crazy old lady in a shack in the woods. Fortunately, I am not one of those sheriffs. The fact is, I made a promise that I would find Porp and bring him back, and that’s exactly what I intend to do.

I pull over on the side of the road and get out of my cruiser. Between the power plant and me there is a rather larger forest, and instead of driving right up to the front gate I realize now that I might be better served by sneaking through the woods and trying my best to remain undetected.

With my gun at the ready, I head out into the thick trees, my eyes darting around for any sign of federal patrolmen who might be guarding the area.

Eventually, I arrive at a large, chain-link fence. Beyond it I can see the massive gray towers of the power plant and below that are several armed guards patrolling the front door, just as I suspected. Crouching behind a thick Douglas fir, I watch with rapt attention, making a mental note of their walking patterns.

It's going to be difficult, but if I time my movements just right I might be able to scale the fence and then make a break for the door. Hopefully, I'm not spotted and gunned down on the way.

My heart pounding hard within my chest, I wait until just the right instant and then sprint over to the fence, climbing it quickly and then dropping down to the other side with as little noise as possible. Once over, it's a straight shot to the power plant doorway, and somehow I manage to make it there undetected.

I slip inside.

The power plant immediately strikes me as unusually sterile and scientific, like some kind of medical lab rather than an industrial utility building. Moving onward into the depths of the structure, it immediately becomes apparent that this place holds many more secrets than I could've ever prepared for.

At the end of the main hallway, a flickering light beckons me.

I continue and find myself at the door to a rather large laboratory. I push it open and gasp aloud.

There before me is what I can only imagine is the otherworldly gate that I've been looking for. It is absolutely enormous, organic in nature and growing up the walls of the room in an eerily menacing fashion. The gate itself resembles an giant, open butt.

With nowhere else to go, I proceed with my mission, approaching the giant living butt and then climbing inside.

Immediately, the air around me transforms into a thick mist, warm and inviting but also strange against my bare skin. I find myself exciting out through the other side of the butt and into the laboratory again, only this time it is even more strange and overgrown with bizarre organic tendrils.

As I make my way up out of the lab, I discover that everything about this plane of existence is like a mirror image of the last, only distorted and backwards. It's not until I see the guards, however, that I realize how utterly bizarre this new universe truly is.

Upon sneaking out through the power plant door, I spot the same patrolling men in uniform, only this time they are not men at all. Instead, the guards have been transformed into handsome floating butts, their intoxicatingly muscular rumps just begging for my attention. I have to remind myself that now is not the time, and instead I make a sharp turn towards the fence.

I manage to make it back out into the forest undetected, probably due to the fact that none of the floating anal guards have eyes or ears to sense me with.

After putting some distance between the power plant and me, I begin to call out for Porp, my voice echoing among the otherworldly vegetation. The trees are unusual in a way that I can't quite put my finger on at first, but eventually I realize that it's because their trunks are actually the shafts of massive cocks, shooting up towards the sky above. Where there had once been branches crisscrossing over me, there are now the bulbous heads of these erect shafts.

"Porp! It's Sheriff Bopper!" I cry in frustration. "Are you out there?"

Suddenly, I hear someone clearing their throat loudly, then calling back with a disappointed tone. "Yeah, it's me."

I glance over to see Porp make his way out from behind one of the wiener trees. He looks happy and healthy, the only sign of distress being his expression of frustration at my arrival.

"What are you doing here?" I question. "Your wife has been looking all over for you."

Porp lets out a long sigh. "I know. I hate that she's worried but... I can't leave."

"Why not?" I question.

Porp scoffs. "Have you seen this place? It's amazing! I never imagined there could be another layer of the Tingleverse with this many giant cocks!"

"The Tingleverse?" I question.

Porp nods. "The Tingleverse is a series of parallel universes in an infinite stack. As they move downward they get progressively gayer and more full of cute butts."

"So this is just one layer down from ours?" I ask.

"Several layers down, actually," Porp explains. "But honestly, what does it matter? I'm not leaving either way."

"There's plenty of dick in our own universe!" I tell him. "Besides, Weno is worried sick about you. What's so great here that it's not worth coming back?"

Suddenly, a thunderous roar erupts throughout the dark woods, causing my breath to catch in my throat. "What was that?" I question

frantically.

Porp smiles and then shakes his head with a laugh. "Calm down, calm down," he tells me.

Seconds later, I see a rather large beast emerging from the shadows. I stumble back in terror as I find myself face to face with a handsome, yet terrifying, velociraptor who sports a flower for a head. The sight is awe inspiring, but I would be lying if I didn't admit that this dinosaur's rugged nature didn't turn me on just the slightest bit.

Porp doesn't seem to react at all, at least until the raptor is right next to him. At this point, the missing husband wraps his arm warmly around the prehistoric creature's waist. "Flowber, this is Sherriff Bop," he announces, introducing the two of us.

"It's nice to meet you, Bop," says the dinosaur, extending his clawed hand towards me.

I shake it reluctantly, but find myself quickly impressed by the beast's firm grip.

"Flowber here has been pounding my butt like crazy," explains Porp. "He's a real *monster* in bed!"

The two of them laugh heartily and I find myself reeling from a strange twinge of jealousy. As bizarre as the circumstances are, these two are clearly in love, and I find myself wishing that I too had someone to love me like this; someone to pound me like this.

Unfortunately, I don't have the time to dwell on this sentiment for long. I'm here on a mission. "You need to come back with me," I tell Porp. "I made a promise that I'd bring you back, and I'm a man of my word."

Porp shakes his head. "I'm sorry, I'm not leaving. The flower monster butt pounding is just too fantastic."

Flowber nods in agreement. "What can I say, I'm a good lay."

"Good enough that you'd leave your whole life behind?" I argue back.

The mutant Raptor thinks about this for a minute, a smile slowly crossing his large, flower face. "Tell you what," he finally offers. "I'll fuck you, and if it's not the best sex you've ever had in your life then Porp will come back with you. If it *is* the best pound you've ever taken, though, then Porp stays with me."

I glance over at the missing husband to see if he's alright with this. He is.

“Okay,” I confirm, my voice trembling.

Porp nods and gives a little wave, then takes off into the forest in an effort to give our pound a little privacy.

“I’ve never been with an otherworldly monster before,” I tell Flowber.

“That’s okay,” he says. “We’ll start with something easy.”

The massive beast steps forward, allowing an enormous, hardening cock to spring out from his scaly body. I can tell exactly what he wants me to do just from the look on his prehistoric flower face, and I’m happy to oblige.

The next thing I know, I’m dropping down to my knees before the gigantic monster, taking his dick in my hand and slowly beginning to stroke him off. I look up at him with a fire in my eyes, an aching homosexual lust that I’d never known I was capable of until this very moment.

“You’re so fucking big,” I coo.

“We’re all big in the upside-down realm,” offers the mutant velociraptor.

Seized with arousal, I suddenly open up my mouth and swallow the dinosaur’s enormous rod, skillfully taking him between my lips as I pump my head up and down across his length with frantic enthusiasm. I cradle his ancient balls as I do this, servicing the raptor with everything that I’ve got.

“Oh fuck. That’s so good,” moans the beast, throwing back his strange head in a fit of ecstasy.

I continue to bob up and down him for quite a while, moving my lips faster and faster across his shaft with every passing second until finally I just can’t take it anymore. Seized with arousal, I push my head all the way down across his enormous rod in a stunning deep throat, consuming the dinosaur’s dick completely. I look up at him and give a playful wink, impressing even myself with my ability to take his whole length. I’m not gay, so I’ve never performed this sexually dexterous move before, but somehow I pull it off with a combination of relaxed enthusiasm and well timed muscle control.

I keep the creature’s cock deep down within me like this for a while, letting him savor every moment of the incredible blowjob until finally I run out of air and come up with a frantic gasp. I struggle to collect

myself, a long strand of spit hanging between my lips and the head of his monstrous cock.

“Now that you’re all warmed up, why don’t you show me what this incredible pound of yours is all about?” I coax. I undo my belt and drop my pants and underwear, then fall back. Seductively, I turn around so that I’m on my hands and knees, my ass exposed to the handsome beast. I wiggle my rump a bit and then reach around to give it a playful slap. “Does that sound like a good idea to you?”

“It sounds amazing,” the bizarre flower-headed dinosaur says.

Without hesitation, the creature positions himself behind me, crouching down and then aligning the swollen head of his dick with the tightly puckered rim of my backdoor. I can feel him teasing the edge of my taut hole, testing it’s limits playfully while I beg him to plunge down inside.

“Give it to me,” I moan. “Show me what upside-down world dick feels like you flower headed freak.”

Immediately, the monster plunges downward, impaling me across the length of his giant rod.

I let out a loud yelp as my fingers dig into the ground in front of me, my entire body struggling to adjust to his utterly enormous size. When his cock was inside of my mouth I felt that I had a handle on its girth, but now that it’s found it’s way deep down into my butthole, I’m not quite sure if I can take it. I can sense the limits of my body stretching and adjusting, the pain eventually giving way to a strange throbbing pleasure as the dinosaur begins to pump.

The flower headed raptor takes me slowly at first, generously allowing me to accept his size before speeding up into a full on slam.

“Oh my fucking god! Oh my fucking god!” I start to scream, my eyes rolling back into my head as the final remnants of discomfort slip away. Now all that remains is the hammering ache of pleasure and a strange warmth that blossoms somewhere deep down inside of me.

Flowber was right, I’ve never felt anything like this before in my entire life.

Now that the creature is jackhammering away at my butthole with all of his strength, I decide to reach down between my legs and help myself along, stroking my hard, hanging cock with a frantic enthusiasm.

The faster that Flowber thrusts into me, the more ferociously I beat my dick. Soon enough, the strange warmth of prostate orgasm combines

with the feelings that blossom within my shaft, warping and shifting into a powerful series of lustful waves. I am completely beside myself, my entire body pulsing with a rhythmic craving to explode.

I need a release.

“I’m gonna cum!” I start to scream. “I’m gonna fucking cum so hard from that weird parallel universe dick!”

“Do it!” Flowber commands enthusiastically. “Blow that fucking load!”

I clench my teeth tightly as I push myself over the edge, every muscle in my body taut until suddenly they all release at the same time. I’m screaming, my voice echoing out into the woods as cum shoots from the head of my cock in several powerful blasts. It splatters across the forest floor below me in a beautiful pattern of pearly white.

Behind me, Flowber is operating on a similar timeline. The next thing I know, the beast is pushing down into me and holding tight, completely frozen as he accepts the absolute depth of my reamed anus. I can feel his jizz spilling out into me, pump after pump of the milky spunk flowing forth until there is no room left in my rectum and it comes spilling up out from the edges.

When the flower-headed dinosaur finally finishes and pulls away, his seed comes tumbling out from my butthole, mixing in a glorious cocktail with the semen that lies waiting on the ground below us.

I climb to my feet, pulling up my pants and rebuckling my belt. When I look up again, Porp has reemerged from the woods.

“What did I tell you?” the missing husband asks with a chuckle. “Is he good, or is he good?”

I let out a sigh of surrender. “You were right,” I admit. “That was the best sex I’ve ever had.”

We all stand in silence for a moment, not knowing exactly what to say next. At the beginning of this journey, I’d had a very clear mission, find Porp and bring him home, but now everything seems a little more complicated than that.

Porp suddenly speaks up. “I’m gonna go back,” he finally says. “I love getting pounded but... I miss my wife.”

A smile crosses my face. This is such a relief to hear, especially due to all the brand new questions I’m wrestling with on my own end.

“I’m staying here,” I announce in return.

“What?” gasps Porp.

“I can’t just take a pound like that and then leave this layer of the Tingleverse,” I explain. “I want to stay here with Flowber and see what happens.”

I glance over at the strange creature, who nods in approval.

Porp hugs me tight. “Thank you for finding me,” he says. “Enjoy yourself, Bopper.”

“Oh, I will,” I assure Porp in return. “I will.”

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About Dr. Tingle...

Dr. Chuck Tingle is a Hugo Nominated erotic author and Tae Kwon Do grandmaster (almost black belt) from Billings, Montana. After receiving his PhD at DeVry University in holistic massage, Chuck found himself fascinated by all things sensual, leading to his creation of the "tingler", a story so blissfully erotic that it cannot be experienced without eliciting a sharp tingle down the spine. Chuck's hobbies include backpacking, checkers and sport.

If you would like to know more about Dr. Tingle, you may [visit his website](#) or write to him at ChuckTheTingler@gmail.com

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